

2Pac Lyrics

"Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days
Better days, hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do
Faced with the demons
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways
I'd love to see the block in peace
With no more dealers and crooked cops
The only way to stop the beast
And only we can change
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears
Just seen another brother buried
Plus I knew him for years
Passed by his family, but what could I say?
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith
And pray for better days

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Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang
With the brothers I grew up with
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed
So many blessings while we stressin'
Lookin' for them better days

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Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail
And me, I'm doin' cool
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school
Every once in a while, I reminisce
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

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I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe
E Block, F Block, lower H
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate
All the peoples I met along the way
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

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